



Blooming Event



2 0 1

Chapter 1 by Michalk

They told me a long time ago that people grouped together to make trade and live peacefully.. That was 500 years ago. All that remains after the Blooming Event is ashes, dust, and this wasteland that we call home.

I fight for my people like the great leaders from the past from Warren Buffet, Donald Trump, Aston Kutcher, Bill Gates, and the best one Sam Walton himself. These men changed the world when they were alive and shook the bedrock of society itself. I mean to do the same.

My tribe of people have named themselves Sam's Club, and to earn the right to be in our club you must prove your worth. Once your metal has been thoroughly tested, your name will forever be Sam. Yet, we are not the only tribe that has grown from the wasteland, but there are many others. One such tribe is Panera's Bread, these peace-loving neutrals are quite infuriating but they provide food and rest to weary travelers. Last week, Panera's Bread was hunted and killed off one-by-one and now lays as a fiery destruction, a sad reminder of the world which we inhabit. Who did it you might ask? The evil Toyotas, banshees of the mid-west, terrors of the night who run and drive machines so loud you can hear them for miles off in the distance. When they attacked Panera's Bread, a peaceful group of kind-hearted individuals that was the final straw. It was time for payback.

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